THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 28, 1805.

MEMOIRS *of* SIR THOMAS PASLEY, BART.

THIS gallant officer is the son of James Pasley, Esq. of Craig, in the county of Dumfries, who died in the year 1773, aged eighty, and was buried at Westerkirk, in that county. His mother was Magdalen, daughter of Robert Elliot, of Middleholm Mill, in the county of Roxburgh, who was married to Mr. Pasley, at Langholm Castle, Dumfrieshire, in 1726.

Thomas, their fifth son, and the subject of our present attention, was born at Craig aforesaid, March 2, 1734; and having from his infancy intimated a strong inclination to the sea, was entered as a midshipman on board of the Garland frigate in 1752; but very soon after removed into the Weazle sloop of war, then under orders for the Jamaica station. In this vessel he served progressively under Captains Cockburn, Webber, and Digby; the latter of whom, being in a short time raised to the rank of post-captain, and appointed to the Bideford frigate, took with him Mr. Pasley, and promoted him to the rank of acting-lieutenant. The frigate was almost immediately after ordered to England, having on board 300,000l. in bullion. As soon as the vessel arrived at Portsmouth, Mr. Pasley was dispatched to London with the treasure; having a serjeant and twelve marines assigned him for his guard.

Having safely lodged his charge in the bank, Mr. Pasley returned to Portsmouth, and embarked on board the Dunkirk, (to which Captain Digby had been appointed during his absence,) and had a share in the expedition against Rochefort in September, 1757; in which expedition, though it was not attended with success, his merit was so conspicuous to his com-

manding officer, that on the return of the Dunkirk, he found a lieutenant's commission lying for him at Portsmouth, appointing him to serve on board the Roman Emperor fire-ship.

At his own request, however, he was soon removed to the Hussar, Captain Elliot, and with that commander passed into the Eolus frigate, of 32 guns; in which, on the 15th of March, 1759, he contributed to the capture of the French frigate the Mignone. The action was short, but sharp; and the loss in killed and wounded was singularly disproportionate. In the English ship one or two persons only were slightly hurt; while the French captain and a great number of his people were killed; and the second captain, with twenty-five of the crew, severely wounded!

On the 24th of February, 1760, Captain Elliott, who was then on the Irish station, and had accidentially put into the port of Kinsale, to refit, received information from the duke of Bedford, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, that there were three French ships of war at Carrickfergus*. He therefore sailed immediately, taking with him the Pallas and Brilliant, (36 guns each), in quest of the enemy. On the 28th, at four in the morning, he got sight of them, and gave chase; about nine he got up alongside their commodore (the famous Captain Thurot), off the Isle of Man. In a few minutes the action became general, and lasted about an hour and a half, when they all three struck their colours; viz. the Marshal Belleisle, of 44 guns, and 545 men, (including troops), M. Thurot, commander, who was killed; la Blonde, of 32 guns and 400 men; and the Terpsichore, of 26 guns and 300 men. The killed and wounded of the enemy amounted to about 300; on board the British squadron it stood thus:—

	Killed.	*Wounded.*
Eolus	4	15
Pallas	1	5
Brilliant	0	11
	5	31

The house of commons of Ireland voted their thanks to the Captains Elliot, Clements, and Logie, for their bravery.

It is here proper to mention an event which took place during the action, and did great credit to the judgment of Lieutenant Pasley. The Eolus had fallen on board the Belleisle, the bowsprit hanging over that ship's quarter-deck, and was consequently not only left exposed to the whole weight of the enemy's fire, without being able to bring a single gun to bear on her antagonist, but also compelled to engage the Blonde at the same

* They had landed there, plundered the town, destroyed the ammunition, and spiked the cannon.

same time with her aftermost guns, that frigate having fallen on board the Eolus. In this perilous situation, Mr. Pasley called the men from the fore-most guns, which he at that time commanded, and having boarded the enemy at their head from the bowsprit, made himself master of the deck, and obtained entire possession of the ship. As soon as this success was achieved, he sent on board the Eolus for an English jack, which was immediately hoisted on board the prize, as the signal of her surrender. Before it was possible, however, to effect this necessary purpose, Captain Logie, in the Brilliant, seeing the dangerous situation of the Eolus, and remaining unacquainted with the surrender of the enemy, bore up to the Belleisle, and poured the whole of his fire into her. The jack, however, being immediately hoisted, a repetition of the same tremendous salute was happily prevented, and the victory remained complete. The injury sustained by the prize was so serious, as to render it extremely difficult to carry her into port; but exertion prevailed over the weight of disaster, and the captors, together with the captured, reached Ramsea Bay, in the Isle of Man, in safety. The whole of them being repaired, as well as circumstances would permit, proceeded in triumph to Portsmouth, where they arrived on the 26th of March.

Toward the latter end of 1762, Mr. Pasley was promoted to the rank of commander, and appointed to the Albany sloop of war; but was soon after removed, and invested with the command of the Weazle, in which he had formerly served as midshipman, and proceeded to the coast of Guinea. In 1771 he was advanced to the rank of post-captain, appointed to the Sea Horse, of 20 guns, and ordered to the West Indies, where he rendered very material service by his manifold exertions during the contest with the Caribbs. The next year he returned to England, and, the Sea Horse being put out of commission, remained unemployed during the four following years.

In 1776, Captain Pasley was appointed to the Glasgow, and sent out to the West Indies, with two sloops of war under his command, to convoy thither a valuable fleet, consisting of 120 sail. His unremitting care and attention to this charge procured him the very unusual honour of thanks, not only from the merchants and owners whose property he had so effectually protected, but also from the cities of London, Bristol, and other ports. Nor was the gratitude of the merchants confined to words; for during his absence they had presented his lady with an elegant and costly piece of plate.

In 1780 he was appointed to the command of the Jupiter, of 50 guns, and gained great credit by his conduct in the action between Commodore Johnstone and Monsieur de Suffrein, in Porto Praya Road. At the cessation of hostilities in 1782 the

Jupiter came to Chatham, where she was put out of commission and dismantled.

Captain Pasley now enjoyed for five years the relaxation of domestic retirement: but in 1788 he was invested with the chief command of the ships and vessels of war in the Medway, and hoisted his broad pendant on board the Vengeance. This appointment was particularly honourable to Captain Pasley, as being the only home-command ever bestowed in time of peace on a person not previously holding the rank of a flag officer. From this station he removed first into the Scipio, and then into the Bellerophon, in which he was ordered to join the channel fleet, in consequence of the apprehended ruptures with Russia and Spain. Those disputes, however, being compromised, he returned to Chatham, where he continued during the customary period allotted to such a command.

The commencement of the dispute with France, early in 1793, once more called his abilities into exertion. He was appointed, as an established commodore, to hoist his broad pendant on board his former ship, the Bellerophon; and, being ordered to join the grand fleet under Lord Howe, was frequently detached with small squadrons on various services. On the 18th of November the British fleet had the fortune to fall in with a detachment of the enemy's ships of war, consisting of six sail of the line, besides frigates. Earl Howe immediately made the signal for particular ships to chase the enemy, and soon afterward the whole fleet followed their example. The Latona frigate, however, commanded by Captain Thornborough, was the only vessel which was able to get up and exchange any shot with the enemy, as it presently became so totally dark as to prevent a farther continuance of the action. Earl Howe having, at the close of the day, made a signal that the ships under his orders should use their utmost endeavours to keep sight of the French during the night, but not to come to any engagement, the Bellerophon, with the utmost diligence, accomplished the instructions; but Captain Pasley was extremely surprized at finding himself close to his antagonists, and accompanied only by the Latona and Phœnix frigates. Though every other ship composing the British fleet was out of sight, not the smallest attempt was made on the part of the enemy toward entering into any contest; nor did he again fall in with Earl Howe, or any of the fleet under his orders, 'till they all returned to Torbay, when he had the satisfaction of receiving the thanks of that nobleman for his conduct on the preceding occasion, expressed in the most flattering and handsome terms.

On the 12th of April, 1794, Commodore Pasley was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral of the white squadron; and in this capacity, still on board the Bellerophon, assisted at the glorious victory of the 1st of June; in which action he had the misfortune

tune to lose a leg. He had, however, the satisfaction of receiving from his commander and his sovereign such honourable notice as amply compensated to a British officer the loss of a limb in battle.

The first of the following letters he received from Earl Howe, and the second from the minister.

" *Portsmouth, June* 16, 1794.

" Lord Howe being again prevented in his intention of waiting on Admiral Pasley to-day, to have had the pleasure of seeing him, if his state of health had admitted of it, he is obliged to postpone calling on him 'till to-morrow, when he flatters himself his time will be more at his command. He will not trouble the admiral either with expressions of the sensible concern he felt that the services of a friend he so highly esteemed, and so gallant an officer, capable of such spirited exertions, should be restrained by any disaster from the continued exertion of them; nor will he dwell on the great pleasure he has received on the assurances given him, that the misfortune was likely to prove as little injurious as could be looked for under similar circumstances."

" Sir, " *Downing-street, 26th July,* 1794.

" I have received his majesty's commands to intimate to you his gracious disposition to confer on you the dignity of baronet of Great Britain, as a mark of the sense which his majesty entertains of the distinguished share which you bore in the late successful and glorious operations of his majesty's fleet under the command of Earl Howe. Permit me to assure you of the sincere satisfaction which I personally feel in executing this commission; and of the regard with which I am,

" Sir,

" Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) W. PITT."

" *Rear-Admiral Pasley.*"

Besides the dignity of baronet, Sir Thomas received from his sovereign an honourable pension of 1000l. a year.

In 1798 Sir Thomas was, in consequence of the mutiny at the Nore, appointed for a short time commander in chief in the Thames and Medway; and in March, 1799, was made port-admiral at Plymouth.

His gradations of naval rank are as follow:—

Rear of the white, April 12, 1794.
Rear of the red, July 12, 1794.
Vice of the white, June 1, 1795.
Vice of the red, February 14, 1799.
Admiral of the blue, January 1, 1801.

EMMA

EMMA BENVILLE.

A True Story.

(Continued from Page 823.)

THE poor Emma was hardly recovered from her illness, before she was again a prey to complicated unhappiness, and the most bitter sensations. The very frequent absence of Mr. Abbott alarmed her, and added to her wretchedness: yet, when he was with her, his tenderness seemed unimpaired, and he found such excuses for his absence as appeared unanswerable, though they did not in reality satisfy her.

One morning, as Emma was ruminating upon her situation, and the sigh of anguish, from a variety of sensations, heaving her bosom,—the servant said, that an elderly gentleman desired to speak to her; he was immediately admitted: he seemed struck with her appearance, and sat down some minutes, without saying any thing beyond a slight observation upon the weather. Emma was perplexed, and began to think his visit to her was some mistake, when he asked her, if she was not acquainted with Mr. Abbott?—Emma coloured deeply, and with a faultering voice, answered, "Yes."—"Your appearance, Madam, "continued the gentleman, "is almost of itself a contradiction to the story I have heard, yet it comes to me from such good authority, that I—I cannot doubt it: pray, Madam, forgive me, but I am deeply interested in the business; has Mr. Abbott? are you? has he ever made professions of a tender nature to you?" Emma's heart sunk within her—she sighed—she hesitated—she scorned to declare a falsehood: but she recollected that this man, however respectable his appearance, was a total stranger, unauthorised to interrogate her upon such a subject, and she replied, "I know not, Sir, what right you have to make such an enquiry."—"I will soon, Madam," replied the gentleman, "satisfy you in that respect,—if Mr. Abbott, which I suspect to be the case, at this time makes professions of attachment to you—he is a villain,—for he is engaged to marry another lady, to whom he is to be united in a few days." "I cannot believe it," replied the trembling Emma, in a voice scarcely audible. "I grieve, "continued the gentleman, "to wound your feelings, but I am compelled to tell you the truth, whatever the effect may be; he is engaged to my daughter, to Lady Jane Belmont: now, Madam, I trust, you will confide in me—tell me if, and in what manner, I can serve you:—has he acted unworthily by you?—is it possible?—if he has, he must be a villain—he cannot, surely he cannot, have deceived you." Emma, with a countenance of horror, just replied, "Oh! yes—yes!"—her agitation was extreme, and for a few

minutes she appeared lost in thought, but in a degree recovering herself, some more conversation passed between them, that convinced her of the wretched truth; she said that she felt very ill, and must retire:—Lord Belmont said he would see her again, and took his leave.

What horrors now crowded on the lost Emma! for some hours she was unable to collect her wandering senses, and the next day was extremely ill, but collected firmness enough to consider how she ought to act in her deplorable situation.

Mr. Abbott was gone with a party into the country for a week; two days more elapsed; Emma used every effort to preserve her composure, and almost persuaded herself to doubt of the stranger's assertions; but an accident proved that the gentleman who had visited her was really Lord Belmont; her servant mentioned his having lived in his lordship's family, and knew his daughter. Agony and despair now took possession of her mind; she determined to see Mr. Abbott no more, but to return to her mother immediately. She wrote him a letter, and left it where she was certain he would find it, and on the third day, leaving every thing she had received from him, she took a hackney-coach to where the stage set off, and with a heart almost bursting with grief quitted her house: she told her servant that she should soon return.

She was to sleep three nights on the road, but was so ill on the morning of the third day, that it was impossible for her to proceed. The fourth day, however, scarcely collected in her reason, she resolved to pursue her journey; she learnt that a return post-chaise was going within a mile of her house, and she determined to go in it; she was hardly able to stand when she got in, and within about a mile and a half of her house, an empty waggon, which was driving furiously along, overturned, and broke the chaise: Emma did not appear considerably hurt, and resolved to walk home—she gave all the remaining money she had to the post-boy, and crept slowly forward—but had scarcely got half a mile, when from great weakness and illness, she nearly fainted away; but, having sat down on a bank by the road side, she in some degree recovered, and crawled on nearly half a mile farther, but there ended her endeavours to proceed: her head grew giddy, and, insensibility coming on, she fell prostrate on the side of a ditch.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards, a labouring man was going by with a spaniel—as the dog ran a little out of the road, in passing poor Emma, it stopped, barked, wagged its tail, and gave signs of joy, for it had been her own dog, and had followed this labourer, who often did little jobs for Emma's mother; the poor man's notice was attracted, and he crossed over to see who it was that laid there. He soon saw that it was a woman decently dressed, and either dead or in a fit, her hat had fallen

over

over her face: when he had removed it, he screamed out—"Heaven save us!—Miss Emma—lack-a-day!—what can be the meaning of all this?" While, in his first terrified state he was considering what to do, some people with a cart came by, and they put her into it; the motion somewhat revived her, and she was conveyed home. Her mother's agony was beyond description, but she received her most tenderly, and put her to bed. Emma's unhappy situation was then apparent; a premature labour came on—but she was sufficiently sensible to be able ro relate her miserable history to her mother, who, whatever it might be, pitied and forgave her.

The next day she became quite incoherent, and the following evening, calling on the name of Mr. Abbott, she expired:—her child, though prematurely born, was alive.

The day after her death, Mr. Abbott, with the appearance of phrenzy, rushed into the room where the mother and sister of Emma wese sitting.—"Where!" exclaimed he, "is my Emma?"—The poor mother fell into strong hysterics, the sister upbraided him with his cruelty, but he flew from them up stairs into the room where the child was:—"Whose child is that?" cried he;—"It is, it is," faultered the poor woman who had it on her lap, "It is, Miss Emma's."—"Oh! Heaven!" said Mr. Abbott, "where is Emma?"—"In the next room," replied the woman. He rushed into the next room, where his eyes met the corpse of his poor Emma, extended upon the bed:—he sunk senseless at the bottom of it, and lay in that state some time,—when he recovered, with a wildness in his looks and manner, he went to the side of the bed, and took her in his arms, in spite of the efforts of the woman—nor could they disengage him from the horrid situation, 'till they procured additional help; he then again sunk into torpor for some time; when, suddenly, rising from it, he hastily returned to the room where the child was, took it in his arms, and ran out of the house, notwithstanding every effort to detain him.

He got home, and went most impetuously into the room where his father and mother were—and instantly dropped down—they caught the child—a violent delirium came on immediately, in which he remained for many months—and then recovered only a short time before his death.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ACCOUNT *of a curious* NAVAL EXPERIMENT.

Written by a Spectator.

MONDAY, Mr. Francis, who last year contrived the expedition, and constructed the machines which Sir Home

Popham ran among the enemy's fiotilla at Boulogne, arrived at Deal from Dover; and a rumour was soon spread that he was going to make an experiment, to blow up a brig of 300 tons, with one of his new invented catamarans. Curiosity was soon alive, and about 4 P. M. great crowds of people assembled on the beach, from Deal to Walmer Castle, opposite which the brig lay. I saw several people working about her, and much movement of boats, but 'till dark the brig remained unhurt, and the people much disappointed, thinking the experiment had failed, very liberally cursed Mr. Francis and his catamarans.

On Tuesday, October 15, at three P. M. he again appeared on the beach, where I and only a few, whose curiosity had not abated, were assembled; we followed him to the water's edge, opposite Walmer Castle, where he was met by a lady, who, I was told, was Lady Esther Stanhope, and niece to Mr. Pitt. After walking some time, he tied a white pocket-handkerchief to the end of his cane, and made a signal to the brig, which lay about half a mile from shore, and instantly a long ten-oared galley darted by the bow of the brig, and threw something into the water, which I presume was the catamaran. Mr. Francis then drew out his watch, and turning to the lady, I heard him say, "fifteen minutes is her time." I was now all anxiety for the result, and held my watch, counting the minutes. In sixteen minutes the explosion took place, not much louder than that of a four-pounder; an immense column of water and smoke was thrown up, which almost obscured the vessel: she appeared to be lifted out of the water and heeling to larboard, she separated in the middle, and the two ends immediately went to the bottom; in one minute nothing was to be seen of her but morsels of floating wreck; the sight was the most awful and grand I ever witnessed. She was riding at anchor, sails bent, new painted, and seemingly prepared for a voyage; and, as if by a crash of nature, in one minute she disappeared, and went to the bottom.

The wreck was quickly surrounded by the boats of the curious, and I, among others, went to view her remains. Her forecastle and main-deck were floating, she was broke completely in two, the planks of her deck and sides were split in thousands of pieces, the fore mast was broke in two, the main-mast and pump were blown out of her, and the main-top-sail yard was blown up to the cross trees; her knees were torn from her sides, and the beams of the deck broke in several places; in fact, it is impossible to describe a more complete decomposition of a vessel, or a more dreadful crash of materials. It was perhaps one of the most curious experiments which has been made in modern times, for who would not have concluded that the powder would spend its force on the water, which is moveable, and

not pass through the strong framed bottom of a vessel? Why was the report arising from the explosion so inconsiderable, when the effect was so great?

J. S.

Curious Account of St. George, the Patron of England.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE name of the great and glorious St. George, patron of England, having been so vilely slandered and traduced, in the account extracted from Gibbon's History, I think the honour of every Englishman is concerned, to wipe away so foul a calumny, unjustly cast, not only upon his memory, but upon that of our ancestors, in making choice of so infamous a character, as there described, for the patron of England.

St. George has been always honoured as one of the most illustrious martyrs of Christ; the Greeks have long distinguished him by the title of the great martyr. To this day is St. George honoured as principal patron, or tutelar saint, by several eastern nations, particularly the Georgians. Gregory, of Tours, mentions him as highly celebrated in France during the sixth century; he is at this day the tutelar saint of the republic of Genoa, and was chosen by our ancestors in the same quality, under our first Norman kings.

His acts relate that he suffered under Dioclesian, at Nicomedia; according to the account given us by Metaphrastes, he was born in Cappadocia, of noble Christian parents; he was strong and robust in body, and having embraced the profession of a soldier, was made tribune or colonel in the army. By his courage and conduct he was soon preferred to higher stations by the Emperor Dioclesian; when that prince waged war with the Christian religion, St. George laid aside the marks of his dignity, threw up his commission and posts, and complained to the emperor himself of his severities and bloody edicts; he was immediately cast into prison, tried first by promises, and afterwards put to the question, and tortured with great cruelty; but not being able to shake his constancy, the next day he was led through the city and beheaded.

St. George is usually painted on horseback, tilting at a dragon under his feet, but this representation is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting that by his faith and Christian fortitude he overcame Satan, denominated the dragon in the Apocalypse.

It remains to be noticed, the account which Gibbon gives of St. George, is grounded only upon the spurious authority of Jurieu,

rieu, Reynolds, and Echard, who blush not to confound him with George, the Arian usurper of the see of Alexandria, the infamous persecutor of St. Athanasius, and the orthodox Christians, whom he endeavoured to dragoon into Arianism, by butchering great numbers, and banishing their bishops; plundering the houses of orphans and widows, 'till the Gentiles, exasperated by his cruelties and scandalous behaviour, massacred him, under Julian.

The fact is, George the Arian, archbishop of Alexandria, and St. George, the patron of England, are two distinct persons; the latter suffered under the Emperor Dioclesian, was a soldier, and never an archishop; the former was massacred in the reign of Julian the apostate.

* * *

REMARKS *on the* LIBERTY *of the* PRESS.

By GUSTAVUS III. King of Sweden.

IT appears to me, on attentively considering the subject, that the liberty of the press is not injurious in general, and that it cannot become dangerous but by the abuse of it, which sometimes is displayed. Abuses are the consequences of human frailty, which blends with the best institutions; and, if we must oppose those which are in themselves beneficial, through the fear of abuses which might be introduced, we should never establish any thing useful to the public.

In a disunited nation, divided by opinions, principles, and interests, as the Swedish nation has been, a subject cannot be always considered under the same aspect by different parties, or at least it will appear in a doubtful light.

In England, the liberty of the press was prohibited when Charles I. lost his head on the scaffold, and when the fugitive James II. abandoned the throne of his ancestors to his ambitious son-in-law.—That people were legally in possession of this right at the end of the reign of William III. or at the commencement of that of the house of Hanover; a family who have occupied the throne with more glory and security than any of their predecessors. If Wilkes excited some seditious movements, we ought rather to attribute them to the imprudent notice which the government took of his writings, than to the momentary sensation which they produced, and which would have left no more durable impression than other writings of the same kind.

It is by the liberty of the press that kings learn the truth, which is so carefully hidden from them, and often with too much success. Ministers there find the advantage of receiving sincere

and merited praise, or the opportunity of explaining to the public the false interpretations which are given of their measures. By the same channel, in short, the nation can at one time enjoy the consolation of complaint, and at another be convinced that its murmurings are ill-founded.

Observations on modern Tours, and the Modes of travelling in Wales.

THE ruins of the castle of Aberystwith consist merely of the barbican, or watch-tower, and large masses strongly cemented. It is apparently on a similar plan to others, built by Edward the First, and a very pleasant walk has been made among its ruins, from which the bay of Cardigan is very advantageously viewed. Mr. Wedall Price has built, on the shore, what he would be the first to notice, had Repton built it. The hotel was full. We, therefore, availed ourselves of a neat lodging-house, where we were reminded of English comfort, and had leisure to enjoy it. On our departure, we learned that the dæmon of extortion, which pervades the English watering-places, had found his way into Wales. For two days and three nights, with very slender dinners, and only two bottles of port wine for two gentlemen and three ladies, the charge amounted to eight guineas!

The road to Machynleth is pleasingly diversified, about the seventh mile stone, as we descended to the æstuary of the Dovey, which presented a beautiful scene of the village of Talgarth.

Machynleth, with romantic environs, is yet a beggarly town, where the colour and form of the houses increase the melancholy appearance. The rustic architecture disdains the use of chimnies, which are, in general, supplied by the doorway; the interior may be easily guessed.

To Dolgelly, we were led through a rich woodland tract, with frequent water-falls (if the dry season had not prevented them), 'till we came to the ascent of Calder Idris. This mountainous pass is, without exaggeration, grand and interesting.

The lake of Tallylyn spreads at one extremity, and at the Foot of the Three Grains, the whole scope is sublime.

We now descended rapidly to Dolgelly, where we found a snug inn, and a harper ready to receive us. I willingly pay my tribute of praise to these agreeable musicians, and was delighted by what I could persuade myself to be the genuine melody of the ancient bards; but, as another bad consequence of their increased intercourse with England, my ears were perpetually assailed by Irish jigs and country dances, which no one can appropriate to Wales.

Demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

Dolgelly

Dolgelly Green is much celebrated by the artists. The finest view of Calder Idris is found at about a mile upon the Tany Bwlch road, in a fertile valley. We were here incircled by the mountains, and being greatly favoured by the weather, saw these prospects very happily. For that time the point of Cader Idris was clear. We should have praised the comfort and cheapness of the inn, had we not been forced to take four horses upon a road almost without hills, and those not comparatively steep. The first part of the road is pleasant and shady, At Doll-y-mullenllen is the very tasty cottage of Mr. Maddocks. There is a romantic path, among the rocks, to the cascade. which, though the fall does not exceed fifty feet, is preferable to that of the Mynach, at the Devil's-bridge, of three hundred. On the whole, I think this the most enchanting spot in Wales. As we ascended, we still appeared to be in the centre of a plain, closely surrounded with mountains: those in the distance were certainly very blue and magnificent, but the common eye will feel a monotony, when they continue for such a space to form the only feature.

Toujours perdrix!!!

At dinner time, we reached Tan-y-bwlee inn, in the Vale of Festiniog, and experienced the usual pre-occupation, and the same extortion of four horses. This occasioned us a detention; but, in the Vale of Festiniog, after what has been said of it by Lord Lyttleton, no one must complain. His praise, however, has nothing peculiar to this singularly pretty place; for, with the friend of one's heart, the woman one loves, and a study of books, the most disagreeable would become pleasant. This valley is luxuriant, narrow, and lying between two parallel ranges of mountains, the outlines and grouping of which are extremely picturesque. Mr. Oakley's house has a romantic situation, about half way up the acclivity; commanding either extremity of the valley. None but a splenetic traveller will deny the praise so generally given to this favoured spot.

We have read of the "dark tower of Maentyrog," but found it in reality to be a little whitewashed pinnacle, with a bell in it; but, still favoured by the weather, we strolled to several points of view, and were much gratsfied. I am convinced that there is but one mode of travelling with comfort in Wales, which is in an open carriage, with two horses at length, with a man on the foremost. If you consign yourself to a post-chaise, the rapacity of the innkeepers is immediately excited, common charges are doubled, and a scheme is laid, under a plea of the pre-engagement of the only chaise they keep, to prevent your leaving any place, without a due fleecing. But of all the evils, the greatest surely is, to follow close at the hills of a party of fashionable picturesque-mongers. Such a party usually consists

sists of a close carriage, two or three curricles, as many *Abigails* and insolent *gentlemen's gentlemen*, on horseback, *avant couriers*, &c.

Upon a true principle of vanity and selfishness, every inn which occurs in succession on the tour, is apprised of their important arrival, so that, as you drive up to the door, hungry, and, perhaps, sick of mountains, in a fog, and bad roads, you are saluted with the blank phiz of the landlord, bawling out his negative catalogue of—"No room, no beds, no chaise!" Or, if you insist upon admittance, you are fain to take up with the kitchen, its company, and its fare, and sit up all night in the same place; for no prudent person would sleep twice in a Welsh farm-house. During the late rage of making a tour in Wales, it has not unfrequently happened, that two parties of the same description have immediately followed each other, when the distress of the disappointed is truly ludicrous; and sober travellers have their revenge. A never failing trick of the Welsh landlords is, that of tacking on a mile or two in a stage, more than those marked in the maps and guides, and demanding half a crown a mile for four horses.

We ascended one of the lower crags, and observed all the mountain-sides covered with heath in full bloom, of the brightest purple colour, which, in combination with the verdure and the grey cliffs, gives a very rich tint, well imitated in water colour drawings.

Having paid a reasonable bill, we set off for Beddkelert, at an early hour. The inn, ruinous bridge, and general effect of the scenery are much admired, and almost invariably selected by artists. They keep there an *album*, in which the poetical and the vain are solicited to write their sentiments, on their arrival.

Mountains, in an endless succession, formed the only view 'till we came to the far-famed pass, called Pont Aberglasllyn. These are scenes beyond the powers of verbal description; and the attempts which have been given to the public, fail contemptibly. This opinion was particularly confirmed on reading the inflated accounts of this extraordinary place. The rocks are, indeed, stupenduously high, and of vast masses, while their deep copper colour, and their near approximation on either side, render the whole scene grand and gloomy. But the falling river, a very material accompaniment, was nearly lost to us, and the salmon-leap totally so, for want of water. By making the Alpine road more commodious, and widening the bridge, the height of which is not considerable, the effect, which produces instant surprise, is much diminished. Soon after, a view of Harlech Castle opened very finely about six miles distant, rifted upon a promontory, jutting into the sea.

Descending for some miles, we arrived at Caernarvon, having seen the majestic towers of the castle for a considerable time. We were at the hotel, a commodious inn, lately built by Lord Uxbridge, from whence we commanded the Straits of Menai and the Isle of Anglesea. We visited the castle, before dinner, which is highly deserving of admiration. The great gateway, flanked by two towers, is much more grand and extensive than any now remaining in England, as it rises to the height of one hundred feet. It was the palace, as well as the fortress, of Edward I. which is apparent from the remains of two bails or courts, the upper only of which was applied to military purposes. In the lower court, is the Eagle-tower, which had three polygonal rooms in the base. It is finished by as many very lofty turrets. On the left hand is a more spacious tower, polygonal without, but square within, having many windows of peculiar form, which contained the state apartments. Several curious chimnies still remain.

It is traditionally said, that the Eagle-tower was appropriated to Queen Eleanor, and the other to the king; and they were formerly connected by an open gallery, still perfect. The site of the great hall is not to be discovered by any accurate vestige. The entrance into the castle was protected by no less than three portcullises, and another gate opening to an arm of the sea, could not be approached but by a ladder, which was drawn up. The battlements are very regular, and many of them pierced with an eyelet hole. The castle is built with a grey stone, like Windsor, and the whole of its architecture nearly resembles such parts of the great wall of Constantinople as have been built by the latter Greek emperors, which Edward saw when he visited the Holy Land. Several of the Gothic castles in the Levant, as those at Smyrna and Pergamus, are of a similar construction. The two views of this castle, which have nearly an equal interest, are from the hill above the hotel, and from another across the ferry.

Contentions between the Cancer Macrourus and some Gold Fish.

IN Mr. Bartram's travels in North America, we have the following curious account of the contentions of this animal with some gold-fish:

"On my return towards the camp, I met my philosophic companion, Mr. Mackintosh, who was seated on the bank of a rivulet, highly entertained by a very singular exhibition, in which I participated with high relish. The waters at this place were still and shoal, and flowed over a bed of gravel, just beneath a rocky

rocky rapid. In this eddy shoal were a number of little gravelly pyramidal hills (whose summits rose almost to the surface of the water), very artfully constructed by this species of craw-fish, which inhabited them. Here seemed to be the citadel or place of retreat for the young ones against the ravages of their enemy the gold-fish. These in numerous bands continually infested them, except at short intervals, when small detachments of veteran craw-fish sallied out upon them from their cells within the gravelly pyramids, at which time there was a brilliant sight presented The little gold-fish instantly fled on every side, darted through the transparent waters like streams of lightning; some even sprang above the surface into the air; but all quickly returned to the charge, surrounding the pyramids as before on the retreat of the craw-fish. In this manner the war seemed to be continual.

The above craw-fish is not a Linnæan species. Mr. Bartram calls its enemy a gold-fish. It is not, however, the Chinese fish generally known by this name, the cyprinus auratus of Linnæus.

On the CHARACTER *of the* FEMALE SEX.

[From Suard's Literary Miscellanies.]

A Man only gets the better of his passions by indifference or selfishness: but a woman must always love something, her husband, her gallant, her dog, or her chamber-maid. An old man is governed by his servants; an old woman loves them. It is this necessity for loving something, which attaches itself where it can, and which reproduces itself in a thousand forms in the lives of women, that composes their character and their history; it is the basis of maternal affection, the most perfect of all affections, because it is that which is most conformable to the nature of women, and the most analogous to their character. This passionate devotion, and this exalted charity, of which women have given so many examples, are only modifications of the same sentiment, the sentiment which animates their existence. In its youth, this sentiment is love; it grows old, and has only become the more valuable; less confined to one object, it is the charm which unites many together; it is by this feeling that a woman becomes necessary to all who encircle her; and hence it is that to her last sigh, when almost lifeless, yet still mindful of others, the mother of a family appears to be the soul of a body, which seems ready to crumble as soon as she ceases to exist.

It is this that supports our strength and our activity, that gives us a longer and a more complete existence. See that old

man stretched on his couch: he vegetates, he scarcely lives; if he is sensible to existence, it is through discontent and peevishness; if he speaks, it is to complain: near to him you see his aged wife, ever attentive, anticipating his wants, listening to his complaints, and divining his caprices; she alone can arrange the pillow on which he reclines his head, or the footstool on which his aching feet repose; she it was that invented this piece of furniture, which holds collected all that he is accustomed most to require; and that warm garb is for him, about which her hands are so busily employed. Without doubt, the objects of so many cares, and of so much zeal, was also that of the tender sentiments of her heart; and happy in recollections of what she owes to him, she finds her only pleasure in the attentions which she now pays to him.

DESCRIPTION *of the* NEW THEATRE-ROYAL, BATH.

THIS elegant edifice is expected to rank among the first buildings of its kind in Europe: its dimensions rather exceed those of *old* Drury-lane, and the opening space of the green curtain is precisely the same as that of *modern* Covent-garden. There are three tiers of boxes excessively lofty, and affording a depth of several rows towards the centre. The pillars (of cast iron bronzed) are placed at a distance of two feet from the front, by which the first row of each circle appears as a balcony, independent of the main structure, and an inconceivable air of lightness is thus communicated to the *tout-ensemble*.

The private boxes are 26 in number, inclosed with gilt lattices. The entrances to these are by a private house, and they are accommodated with a suit of elegant retiring rooms. The colour of the house is a rich crimson, decorated with the antique chaplet, and festoons of oak leaf in gold.

The principal boast of this theatre, however, consists in its cieling, which runs with one plain, unbroken surface, gradually ascending from the top of the stage to the capitals of the gallery pillars. Here are displayed five beautiful representations of the heathen mythology—*chef d'œuvres* of that celebrated Italian artist, the deceased Cassali. A splendid frame-work connects the paintings, which formerly adorned the gallery at Fonthill, and are said to have cost the late Mr. Beckford no less than 2000l. The decorations behind the curtain are upon a scale equally superb.

The plan and execution of the whole is deserving of great praise, and suitable to the city of Bath, which has long been distinguished by the number and high rank of its visitors, and the supereminent salubrity of its mineral waters.

Anſwer, by J. Lewis, of Poole, to T. Jarvis's Charade, inserted August 26.

JOYFULNESS is the answer true,
Which now I here impart to you.

☞ We have received a similar answer from T. Adey, of Poole.

Answer, by J. Waldron, Lyme Regis, to W. Seaward's Charade, inserted Aug. 26.

KIND Sir, in answer to your tale,
COWSLIPS adorn the lovely vale.

†§† We have received the like answer from F. Symes, of Bristol; Adrianus; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; J. Lake, and P. Gove, of Exeter; Primrose, of Taunton; P. Codd, jun. of Dean Prior; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; J. Channon, of Ottery; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; and W. Pollard, of Eglo hayle.

Answer, by P. Codd, of Dean Prior, to T. Rutger's Charade, inserted September 2.

THE ORCHARD surely will reveal
What your few lines try'd to conceal.

*** Similar answers have been received from F. Symes, of Bristol; Adrianus; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; John Woodman, jun. of North Curry; S. C. Moore, of Horswell House; and T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Ashburton.*

BID my destructive first adieu,
O race perfidious! then will you,
Enjoy my next in peace;
The Christian has my whole begun,
And sees, by ev'ry setting sun,
That it will shortly cease.

A REBUS, *by F. Arden, of South Petherton.*

A City great, in ancient story name;
A Saxon monarch, deathless be his fame!
A Grecian chief, for policy renown'd;
A saint who liv'd when earth in floods was drown'd;
What's often heard when ardent summer beams;
What thro' the shades of night most loudly screams;
A bird whose charming song delights our ears:
Join these aright, a western town appears.

A REBUS, *by S. T. Margary, of Newton Abbot.*

MY first a title bring to view;
Likewise a vowel you will shew;
An instrument then bring to light;
An ancient coin must come in sight;
A well-known fruit should now appear;
A planet then will form the rear:
Take the initials, place them true,
A British hero is in view.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines left in a Bower in the Country, the Evening previous to the Author's Departure.

ADIEU, sequestered, blest retreat,
Lone witness of our ardent love,
Where I and Edwin oft'nest meet,
And our fond dreams of pleasure prove.

To thee the heart, in strains sincere,
Her grateful tribute still shall pour,
For tho' I go—my thoughts are here—
And tho' those times return no more.

When from the busy cares of day
We've oft retir'd beneath thy shade,
And pass'd in love those hours away,
In which our vows of truth were made.

Yet shall this spot, all-hallow'd bow'r!
To constancy and truth still sacred be,
And tho' I leave thee to return no more,
Yet still with gratitude I'll think on thee.

F. G.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

RETIREMENT.

FROM scenes of mercenary life
Let me in early age retire:
There, free from care and noisy strife,
Awake the soft, melodious lyre.

In some lone vale which woods surround,
Cross'd by a gently flowing stream,
Let the commodious hut be found,
Where I may pass life's idle dream.

There as each morn shall deck the skies,
And ope a scene of gay delights,
Joyful, O let me ever rise!
And follow where the scene invites.

There shall the animated spring
Kindly exhil'rate ev'ry sense:
There shall the birds more sweetly sing,
And melody and joy dispense.

The balmy eglantine and rose
Shall round their richest perfumes shed;
And ev'ry flow'r that sweetly blows
Shall ev'ry wooing zephyr wed.

O! never may the trump of fame
So far its pow'rful notes extend;
Nor aught my tranquil breast inflame
But wisdom, virtue, and a friend.

These

There let me sing my artless lays,
And gently ripen for the sky:
There let me spend in peace my days,
And then—unnotic'd let me die.

Sherborne. B. AYRES.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The IVY.—*A* SONNET.

BEHOLD yon ivy! how it twines around
The lofty oak, majestic to the view:
How lovely are those tints of vernal hue,
By which with constant verdure it is crown'd.

When winter drear its icy powers displays,
And nature lays a solitary waste;
See how it smiling braves the scowling blast,
While all around seems hastening to decay.

Sweet emblem of the man whose motives pure,
By virtue led his constant hours employ;
Tho' vice, fell fiend! its thick'ning shafts let fly,
Amid the wreck of beings he secure,
Serenely views the dreadful havoc round,
And feels himself with constant blessings crown'd.

Clowance. T. RUTGER.

OBLIVION.

[From Darwin's Temple of Nature.]

DEEP-WHELM'D beneath in vast sepulchral caves,
Oblivion dwells amidst unlabell'd graves,
The storied tomb, the laurell'd bust o'erturns,
And shakes their ashes from the mould'ring urns.
No vernal zephyr breathes, no sun-beams cheer,
Nor song, nor simper ever enters here.
O'er the green-floor, and round the dew-damp wall,
The slimy snail, and bloated lizard crawl;
While on white heaps of intermingled bones
The muse of melancholy sits and moans,
Showers her cold tears o'er beauty's early wreck,
Spreads her pale arms, and bends her marble neck.
So in rude rocks beside the Ægean wave
Trophonius scoop'd his sorrow-sacred cave,
Unbarr'd to pilgrim feet the brazen door,
And the sad sage returning smil'd no more!

The OAK.

FROM a small acorn, see the oak arise,
Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the skies!
Queen of the groves, her stately head she rears,
Her bulk increasing with increasing years!
Now moves in pomp, majestic o'er the deep,
While in her womb Britannia's thunders sleep;
With fame and conquest graces Albion's shore,
And guards the island, where she grew before.